Murder by Proxy

the glass door down the wrought-fron staircase into the beautiful, old-fash-loned garden of Berkley Manor.

When Eric's trim, tan boot left the last step of the iron staircase it renched the broad graveled walk of the gardener. Fifty yards off, the head gardener was tending his peaches, the sample from his pipe hanging like a faint blue haze in the still air that seemed to quiver with the heat. Eric, as he reached him, held out a petitionary hand, too lazy to speak.

Without a word the gardener stretched for a huge peach that was striving to hide its red face from the sun uter an arrow ribbed leaf, plucked it as though he loved it, and put it softly in the young man's hand.

Bans!

The sudden shock of sound close to their cars wrenched the nerves of the two men; one dropped his peach, and the other his pipe. Both stared about them in utter amazement.

"Look there sir," whispered the gardener, pointing to a little cloud of smoke oozing lazily through a window almost directly over their head, while the pupent spice of gunpowder made itself felt in the hot air.

"My uncle's room," gasped Eric, "I left him only a moment ago fast asleep on the sofa."

He turned as he spoke, and ran along the garden walk, up the iron steps and back through the glass door into the house, the old gardener following as swiftly as his rheumatism would allow.

Eric crossed the sitting room on which the glass door into the house, the old gardener following as swiftly as his rheumatism would allow.

Eric crossed the sitting room on which the glass door into the house, the old gardener following as a swiftly as his rheumatism would allow.

Eric crossed the sitting room on which the glass door into the broad, carpeted staircase four the sord.

The broad carpeted staircase four the sord. The filt in the hot air.

The through the will be sord the proper intense of the proper intense in the standard proper intense in the following the closed of the proper intense in the standard proper intense in the still proper intense in the still proper into

T 2 o'clock precisely on that from the room, locked the door on the sweltering 12th of August. "To whom shall I wire" John Neville Eric Neville, young, handsome, called from his desk with pencil poised bebonair, sauntered through over the paper, to his cousin, who sat the glass door down the wrought-iron buried in his hands. "It will need a staircase into the beautiful, old-fash- sharp man-one who can give his whole



the corner of the house and III tell him you and to.—

If was allied quickly after him:

"What about that key?"

"Bric welcomed him with the dorn to the entrance of the series of t

The Observer Tries an Experiment, Suggested by the Boss

THE UNSERVE ALL PLANTS AND THE PARTY TO ALL PROPERTY AND THE PARTY AND T

THE OFFICER A French War Story by Maurice Level